



# Three Wishes



wishes

genies

126 4 9

## Chapter 1 by R

I walked in to the old shop down the road that sold antiques. I came in here often, mostly to stare at all of the old things in here, sometimes for story ideas. Rarely did I buy anything.

The store owner accepted me. He was a friend of my mothers, which helped, but mostly I think he liked the companionship of someone who wasn't bugging him with price haggling.

Sometimes I would help with some of the work, rearranging things and putting on price labels, but mostly I would lay around and doodle and write, sometimes at the same time.

It was in one of those few times of working that I found it, tucked away in some odd corner like most things in the jumbled, overcrowded store.

It was a lamp. One of those strange oil lamps that you'd see in movies like Aladdin. It didn't have a label on it, so I brought it up to his desk at the front.

"How much is the lamp?" I asked, pulling out the sticker for the price, and the owner stared at the lamp, with what almost looked like a wistful gaze.

"It's free." He told me. I stared at him. See more of Story Wars

"Free?"

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"It's worth nothing to me now." He replied with a heavy sigh. "Take it, if you want. I'd rather you have it than anyone of my regular customers.

This was . . . odd. I put the lamp in my schoolbag, and let it drift out of my thoughts. I wondered briefly what had made it so important to him, once. My mind gave me no answers. I let it sit there, unnoticed, until I went home.

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I would have probably chucked the lamp in my closet had I not remembered something important that day - it was Adriana's birthday. Cursing, I threw the lamp into some hackneyed pink wrapping paper and made a run for it. Two blocks felt like an eternity when you were filled with dread.

I knew, at least, that she would like the gift. It was Ariana who had invited me to the old man's shop to begin with. She loved old stuff more than I, but here's the difference - she actually bought it.

My feet felt heavy. No, I couldn't do this to myself. I just couldn't go to her house. Not right now.

## Chapter 3 by Laura Frost



Not after I discovered the truth about her.

I still try to keep up the act, pretend that everything is fine and we're still the best of friends. She doesn't know that I know the truth. I'm worried about what will happen when she figures it out. When my lies fall to pieces.

I know what she did.

I know where the bodies are buried.

My best friend? Sweetest seventeen year old to ever live, makes your heart melt with a single smile, the perfect girl?

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Chapter 4 by Timothy Koles



You might ask, "Why haven't I reported her of a felony charge yet?" I suppose it was just because we have been the closest of friends since kindergarten. Sometimes I do want to report her though, and I feel like its the right thing to do.

Pushing those thoughts out of my head, I made the decision not to go to the party, and to stay home and make up an excuse later. I threw myself on the bed and took the lamp out of the bed to look at it. It smelled faintly of worn copper and ancient times. I noticed it was rusty and took my faded hoodie and rubbed it on it.

It didn't suddenly let a genie out or anything magical like that, because why would it? I set it down carefully and started complaining about how unfair my life is, and wished in my head that I would live in a perfect life. Then I heard a mans voice in my head saying, 4 wishes left, and suddenly I felt my eyes closing shut and drifting into a deep sleep.

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